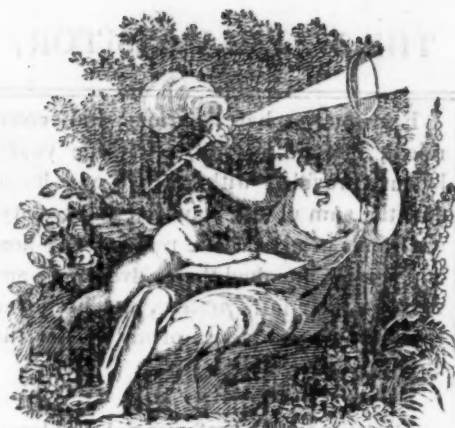


WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1805.

No. 9.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM....PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE WEEKLY VISITOR has been published in this city, during the three last years, to a generous subscription. In addition to original essays, it is now contemplated to procure such works of merit, both European and American, as will enable the Editor to furnish his patrons with such biographical, miscellaneous, and poetical selections, as, he hopes, will afford a mental feast, not unworthy their acceptance.

In addition to our usual information, we purpose giving, in the numbers of our work, biographical sketches of all the celebrated characters which have, for the last ten years, graced the British stage: together with the strictures which may be published on the merits of the performers of the present day. The biography of private characters, also, whose virtues and talents have rendered them an ornament to society, we shall frequently present to our patrons.

Strictures on the works of Shakspeare, and of other dramatic writers, as published in the most celebrated English works, will be given in our Miscellany: and, while we hope for—we will strive to merit—the public's further approbation.

Although we printed largely of the first number of the fourth volume of our work, we are constrained to commence anew: and, in order that future subscribers may obtain complete numbers, we reprint part of the story, which we should otherwise have continued, entitled, "An account of a curious custom in America, called Annual White-washings."

The Public's obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

I WAS born in the village of Beuvry, in Artois. My parents were poor, but strictly honest. I was but seven years old when I had the misfortune to lose them. The curate of Beuvry, a man of enlightened piety, and who had a feeling and generous soul, took me into his parsonage house. I attended at mass, and ran his errands. I assisted him in gardening, with which he amused himself after his avocations, as far as the weakness of my age would permit.

This worthy pastor taught me to read and write; and, in all probability, his tender care of me would not have ended here,

had not death unexpectedly taken him from me.

I was eleven years old, tall enough for my age, and blessed with a healthy and robust constitution, which received daily strength by moderate labour. Overcome with grief for the loss of him who supplied the place of those parents of whom death had deprived me, I determined to leave the village.

One morning, at break of day, with my little bundle on my shoulder, and about fifteen franks* in my fob, I took the route of Dunkirk, with the fair hope of being able to earn my bread there.

Arrived in that town, I inspired the master of the inn I first stopped at, with a lively interest for me. He was a worthy man, about sixty, born in the same village of Beuvry, and who felt that benevolence for me which a good heart naturally feels for his own countrymen.

"Hear me, my little Paulin," said M. Bertrand to me, (for that was the name of my host:) "Thy figure announces honesty and intelligence: thou art poor, and an orphan: labour is thy only lot and resource. In this country, as in every other in the world, with understanding and a willing mind, one may find wherewith to occupy one's self. To-morrow I will take

* Same as a livre, 10d.

THE WEEKLY VISITOR;

on the Quay, and introduce thee to a factor, who will employ thee: thou wilt gain little in the beginning, but enough to provide for thy first wants. I will lodge thee gratuitously; and pay part of thy expenses, if thou art but a good lad."

I expressed to M. Bertrand all the gratitude my young heart was capable of; and the manner in which it was done, affected this good old man even to tears.—His wife (the best tempered of Flemish women) encouraged me to merit her husband's kindness; assuring me, on her part, she would do me all the service in her power.

I went to rest, after an agreeable supper with my worthy hosts, and felt such sweet sensations from the happy reception I met with from these honest people, as made my tears flow abundantly with the most lively joy. Nature had given me a heart replete with desire to make myself worthy of the attentions they paid me.—My sleep was sweet and tranquil; I awoke at break of day, with a strong determination to occupy it in the most assiduous labour. The good man Bertrand, flattered by my vigilance, made me breakfast, and afterwards accompanied me to the port: there he presented me to a commissioner, or factor, requesting him to put my understanding and activity to the proof.

Every thing concurred to render me the happiest of orphans. M. Paul, to whom my host recommended me, expressed a pleasure in employing me. "Come, child," said he, "come, let us be going: thou shalt carry the small parcels, and follow Nicolas, who is here, and will teach thee to know the town, and then thou wilt be able to act alone."

My host having left me with the master commissioner, I followed Nicolas, a tall, strong boy, of an equal temper enough, although a little dull. I needed but a short time to learn the houses of the merchants and tradespeople, as well as all the hotels in the town.

Extremely sober, laborious, and economical, I found myself, after one year's labour, provided with clothes and linen, and the sum of one hundred and twenty-six franks in my private purse. My host and hostess attached themselves more and more to their little *protege*, and I enjoyed the intimate confidence of my master the commissioner.

Every moment that was not employed at work, was employed in perfecting myself in writing and figures. I attained to my eighteenth year, happy and satisfied. It is from this epocha I began to feel sensations arise in my soul, which till then was unknown to me; but I was not slow in unfolding them. My heart, naturally sensible, was already disposed of, and love had declared in favour of Henrietta, a shopwoman to a grocer's widow. This widow, whose name was Madame Molard, had known me some years, as an intelligent and faithful errand-boy: she perceived the reciprocal passion which existed between Henrietta and me; and as she perceived nothing in our sentiments but a lawful end, she left us to the full enjoyment of them. She even extended her goodness so far, as to propose to me the situation of one of her clerks, who was going to leave her. I accepted her proposition with gratitude; and at the year's end, she was so satisfied with my zeal, that she promised to unite me with Henrietta when I should have attained my twenty-first year; assuring me, that Henrietta's uncle would not refuse his consent to the match.

This promise encouraged me in such a manner, that, had I been able to do more than I did, nothing would have appeared difficult to me.

Henrietta's uncle was a seafaring man, almost always from home, and having no child, loved her as his own daughter.—Henrietta possessed a very agreeable countenance, though not a very regular one: her person was well-shaped, but of middle stature; a lively eye; her character was cold: she carried economy beyond

its just limits; interest was her governing passion; and any service that required the sacrifice of a crown from her could make no impression on her heart, was it even her dearest friend. The knowledge I had of her inclination to avarice, was to me a source of real displeasure: in vain I endeavoured to root it out; she heard me, indeed, without ill-humour; but she remained incorrigible.

I attained at last my twenty-first year; and Madame Molard having already obtained the consent of Henrietta's uncle, felt a desire to fulfil her promise, when an apoplexy took her away from us.

This event plunged Henrietta and me into the most heart-felt grief. We regretted the loss of a mistress who cherished us as if we had been her own children. Madame Molard had no heir but in the collateral line, who living on his own estate, advertised the house and shop to be sold.

We kept three clerks, two shopwomen, and three boys. The heir of Madame Molard judged it agreeable to his interest not only to keep open the warehouse, but to let us remain with him on the same footing as with his relation, under the direction of the first clerk; a man of probity, and possessing all requisite knowledge and experience for the business of a grocer.

(To be continued.)

FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS CUSTOM IN AMERICA, CALLED

ANNUAL WHITE-WASHINGS.

WHEN a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *white-washing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connection, and even disappoint

the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign this invaluable right. You will wonder what this privilege of *white-washing* is:—I will endeavour to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which a lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains of the nastiness of every thing about her, these are signs which ought not to be neglected. Yet they are not decisive; as they sometimes occur, and go off again, without producing any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheel-barrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is no time to be lost—he immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers of his private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. For a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage: his authority is superseded; his commission is suspended; and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than him. He has nothing else to do, but to abdicate, and run from an evil which he can never prevent or mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and looking-glasses, lie in huddled heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen forming a dark and confused mass, for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a closet has disgorged its bowels, rivetted plates and dishes, halves of China bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers

of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, top of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters; from the rag-hole in the garret, to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest the words of *Lear* naturally present, and might, with alteration, be made strictly applicable,

“— Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o’er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou
wretch!
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice!”
“— Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace!”

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes, dipped in a solution of lime, called *white-wash*: to pour buckets of water on every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutter’s sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent house, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court, that the action would not lie, in as much as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly non-suited; for he lost not only his *suit of clothes*, but his *suit at law*.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together. Recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to *make things clean*: it matters not how many

useful, ornamental, or valuable article are mutilated, or *suffer death under the operation*: a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be *made clean* at all events: but their preservation is *not worthy of attention*. For instance, an engraving is laid on the floor, smaller prints are piled upon it, until the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier—but this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through, and spoil the engraving—no matter; if the glass is clean, and the frame shines, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and discovered, that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal; and three removals, equal to one fire.

The *cleansing frolic* over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates; and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion, in so small a community, should not produce some further effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, or sore throats, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime; or with severe colds, from the exhalations of wet floors and damp walls.

(To be continued.)

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

A SULTAN, amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with a human skull in his lap: Not observing his majesty, the reverend old man was looking very earnestly at the skull, and appeared to be in a profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan, who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. “Sire,” said the Dervise, “this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a *powerful monarch*, like your majesty, or of a *poor Dervise*, like myself.”

THE WEEKLY VISITOR;

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

Beware what earth calls happiness, beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.

EXPERIENCE daily evinces the truth of the position, that the world in which we are now placed is merely a temporary residence; during our continuance in which, numberless afflictive occurrences will arise to oppress and discourage us. Let us survey the world, and we shall be convinced, that all are, in one shape or another, attacked by the unwelcome shafts of adversity. In short, the present state is a state of warfare, and we must all expect to meet with dangers and difficulties in it. Adversity and disquietude are inseparable from it. It is the inevitable lot of human life, that these frames, the bodies we now inhabit, are speedily to return to their native element; that we are in a few fleeting days, weeks, months, or, at most, years, to be withdrawn from the circles in which we now move, from the tenderest ties of friendship and of love. The aged parent, the tender child, the blooming youth, the affectionate friend, the fond husband, and the doating wife, will all, in a short time, escape from the stormy wind and tempest, must all droop and die; for death regards neither situation nor circumstance. The avenue leading to the grave, is frequented alike by the humble and exalted; by the dependent rustic, and the titled courtier. Youth and age, too, are alike subject to his dominion. Perhaps, reader, thou art standing upon the verge of the tomb; perhaps the shuttle has passed the loom that wove thy winding-sheet; perhaps in yonder shop lies rolled up, and ready to be severed off, the piece of cloth destined to be thy shroud. At all events, thou must soon be brought low. Before to-morrow's sun shall gild the saffron morn, the number of thy days may be told, the dart of death levelled at thy heart, and thou mayest no longer be an inhabitant of earth. Pause here—and think!—reflect upon the uncertainty of your duration here below—and let this be an awful inducement to you to abhor evil, and do good.

In the present life, every thing partakes of uncertainty—in the one to which we are hastening, every thing is steadfast, unfading, eternal.

All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
Is substance.

Upon earth there is nothing can make us substantially happy—when we imagine ourselves on the brink of felicity, the frail foundation gives way, and we are carried to the tomb.

Thus forewarned of the vicissitudes which attend humanity, parents of both sexes, you have a talent committed to your trust, to which is attached a high degree of responsibility: Consider this, and shew a becoming solicitude for the eternal and temporal welfare of your offspring: Cherish in their minds the first dawnings of religion; and, by your examples and precepts, allure them to the performance and love of whatsoever things are pure and holy. But, children, if your parents should either be called hence, or inhumanly neglect your best interests, to pursue the uncertain treasures of the world, remember there is one whose arm is omnipotent, to whom you can confidently look for protection and support.

Oh, my fellow labourers in this working day world! what can it present to your view worthy your supreme regard? Do you place confidence in your own strength? behold you are altogether weak: In riches? they take to themselves wings, and flee away: In honours and titles? they are but precarious baubles, inconstant as the passing breeze: In health? a long catalogue of diseases are at hand: In long life? death is at the door: In the smiles of fortune? they, alas! are converted into frowns: In the enjoyments of love and friendship? lovers and friends too frequently forsake us, and we are left solitary wanderers through the wilderness of life's strange history. Thus situated, then, shall we delay the period of repentance and reformation?

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Whilst we hesitate, we die; whilst we promise ourselves years, perhaps we have not days. Let us, therefore, assiduously labour to encrease in knowledge, that our affection to the Deity may be deeply rooted and rational, and by continual intercourse with Him of prayer and praise, of thankfulness and joy in prosperity, let us endeavour to keep Him constantly present in our minds, and to render all our conceptions of Him more distinct, lively, and intelligent; for thus only can we obtain an assurance of a bright reversion. To this happy state then let us labour to make our

title indisputable, and in so doing, we shall lighten the burdens, and alleviate the sorrows, of life.

Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing, here is solid rock;
This can support us, all is sea besides;
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

REFLECTIONS

ADDRESSED TO UNMARRIED MEN.

HORTENSIO found that a gentleman had gained his sister's affections, without absolutely or immediately discovering himself to her. In answer to a question that was put to him, "whether he had not, as it was believed he had, addressed her?" he says, "he never had made love to her." Ridiculous subterfuge! He stole into her heart, by the help of those *silent, tender* observances, which are the surest batteries, when there is time to play them off. If any man had thus attained my sister's heart, and left her a prey to disappointment, and then said *he meant nothing*, my vengeance should have taught him that his conduct was *not less dishonourable* than if he had kneeled at her feet, and swore a million of oaths. Let me ask you, single gentlemen, if you do not, at this moment, know too many of our helpless sex, whom you yourselves have devoted to this most painful of all disappointments? and can you acquit yourselves of dishonourable conduct, who have, by a thousand *little* attentions, by *ardent looks*, by those various methods you have used, endeavoured to insinuate yourselves, by saying, you meant *nothing*—you had no thoughts of *matrimony*—and that is very unreasonable the world should form conjectures otherwise, when *nothing* was further from your intention?—It is very hard indeed a man cannot enjoy the company of a female friend, but a report must be immediately propagated that a *union* was to take place: it is a very great hardship, but the weight must fall on the deluded and too credulous of that sex; while ye yourselves can rear your heads triumphantly, and say, you meant *nothing*. But in this, as in most other cases, the world judges by the appearance of things. When the world, therefore, sees a man frequently in the company of an agreeable woman, every way suitable to him, taking every

OR, LADIES MISCELLANY.

opportunity of convincing her of it, such as the *tender glance*, the frequent *sigh*, contriving to be near her, *pressing* her hand with *ferour* when unobserved, and a hundred other *little things*, which, *trifling* as they seem in relation, yet, when used by a man to all appearance *sensible* and in *earnest*, steals into the breast of an *unsuspecting* woman—Can this man in *honour* exculpate himself, although the word *love* may never have escaped his lips? Weigh it well in your minds, ye men of *honour*! ye men of *feeling*! feel the distress which fills the female bosom, after such a seduction of the heart and affections.

Oh, ye meaners of *nothing*! take yourselves to task: whatever you may think of it, your conduct is very reprehensible. Some of you have a subterfuge, if possible, more base and cruel:—you *flay* with the *affections* of some amiable and deserving object, whose only *weakness* is, perhaps, her attachment to you, although you give her every reason to suppose you only wait for a *convenient* opportunity of making a formal address. Your behaviour is likewise such as to induce every one to be of the same opinion; yet, as you have never given it under your hand, or before a witness, you think you can get off. And this is your method, as you wish to be thoroughly acquainted with her disposition. You are to be commended were you in earnest; yet, after a series of behaviour of the utmost assiduity, all on a sudden you change, you give out hints that come round to her ear, you meant *nothing*; of course the next time she meets you she feels a painful emotion, which discovers itself in a distant reserve, which adds to the asperity of her countenance and treatment of you. Thus, then, your wish is answered. She had not the *good-nature* you thought she had; you are very happy things proceeded no further. Mistaken man! you have proceeded too far already: you cruelly planted daggers in that breast which never formed a wish but for your happiness. Many of you in reading this will view your own pictures: may it have weight with you! Reflect that the impressions you have made are owing to the sensible light you appeared in. Be, then, still men of *honour*, and repair the breaches you have made in the female bosom.

Diogenes, walking along, was struck with a long piece of timber which a fellow carried, who then said "Take care!" What! said the cynic, do you mean to strike me again?

BIOGRAPHICAL SCETCH OF MISS FARREN.

THE father of Miss Farren, a professional gentleman of respectability, dying while she was yet very young, left his widow and several children in circumstances scarcely adequate to their subsistence; from motives therefore highly honourable to her filial character, she determined to try her abilities on the stage.

At the very early age of *fourteen*, Miss Farren made her first appearance in the Haymarket Theatre, then under the management of the late Mr. Colman, and in a season which will be ever memorable in dramatic history, for producing a Henderson, an Edwin, and a Farren; three of the most eminent performers the English stage has known. The two former alas! died in the zenith of their reputation, and in the prime of life; the latter we hope will continue many years the distinguished favourite of the public. The character selected for her appearance was *Miss Hardcastle*, in Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

In the winter Miss Farren went to Liverpool, on which stage she appeared in *Rosetta*, and repeated that character afterwards in London with great success. But the part which completely established her fame as an actress was *Lady Townley*, and her first performance of this character we owe to the recommendation and entreaty of the late inimitable Parsons, who removed every scruple, which timidity on her part interposed, in opposition to the undertaking; and at length prevailed upon her, though not without great difficulty, to try it for *his benefit*. The consequence was just what he predicted; the whole house was enraptured with the performance, and Miss Farren was engaged on that night for both the winter theatres, and played alternately at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden through the season, the first character in tragedy as well as comedy. On the secession of Mrs. Abington from Drury-lane, Miss Farren succeeded to all her principal parts, and in that theatre she has remained ever since.

What Colley Cibber observes of Mrs. Oldfield in his *Preface* to the *Provoked Husband* is so applicable to the public merits and appearance of Miss Farren, that, substituting the *present* tense for the *past*,

we have only to transcribe his opinion of that celebrated actress to convince our readers, with what justice Miss Farren has been denominated *the Oldfield of the present day*.

"She is now in her highest excellence of action, happy in all the rarely-found requisites that meet in one person to complete her for the stage. She is in stature just rising to that height where the graceful can only begin to shew itself; of a lively aspect, and a command in her mein, that like the principal figure in the finest painting, first seizes, and longest delights the eye of the spectators. Her voice is sweet, strong, piercing and melodious; her pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her emphasis always placed where the spirit of the sense, in her periods, only demands it. If she delight more in the higher comic than in the tragic strains, 'tis because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of nature. But in characters of modern practised life, she finds occasions to add the particular air and manner which distinguish the different humours she presents; whereas, in tragedy, the manner of speaking varies as little as the blank verse it is written in. The spectator is always as much informed by her eyes as her elocution; for the look is the only proof that an actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an instance, where the eyes do their part, that the elocution is known to be faulty. The qualities she has acquired are the genteel and the elegant; the one in her air, the other in her dress, never had her equal on the stage; and the ornaments she herself provides, seem in all respects the *paraphernalia* of a woman of quality; and of that sort are the characters she chiefly excels in; but her natural good sense, and lively turn of conversation, make her way so easy to ladies of the highest rank, that it is a less wonder if, on the stage, she sometimes is, what may become the finest woman in real life to support."

The conduct of Miss Farren in private life, we are well assured, is perfectly irreproachable; her dutiful and affectionate attachment to her mother, is well known, and pronounces the best eulogium on the qualities of her heart. Her personal and artificial accomplishments are sufficiently manifested on the stage;—the amiableness of her disposition, and the affability of her manners, they will be most inclined to dwell on to whom she is most known—if her private character has ever been tradu-

THE WEEKLY VISITOR;

ed, it has been by those who know her
not.

[The virtues, beauty and accomplishments of Miss Farren, excited the particular attention of a distinguished English nobleman, to whom she has been married several years, and now shines an ornament to the first circles of taste and refinement.]

FROM THE BOSTON MAGAZINE.

THE meritorious and regretted subject of the following lines, died in the city of Washington in his 40th year; he imbibed the *miasma* of the yellow fever at the Tontine Coffee House in New York. On the day of his departure from that city, he dined at Tyler's Tavern, and was evidently dispirited; on his arrival at Philadelphia, he dined with Mr. POTTER, and appeared somewhat better; but a few miles from the federal city he was violently affected, and never after opened his lips. On his demise, his body was removed to a common field, and interred, with a wooden stake at head and feet.—*Sic transit gloria Hiatrixionica.*

[The lines which are marked by inverted commas are to be omitted on the tomb-stone which is to be erected to our AMERICAN ROSCIUS; the whole being considered too long for such a purpose.]

EPITAPH ON JOHN HODGKINSON,

THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN,

Written at the request of his Theatrical Friends.

SHRIN D mid the ashes of the wise and just,
Here Roscius sleeps in his primæval dust!
That tongue is mute which charm'd a polish'd age,
Gave zest to wit, and dignity to rage:
Those eyes no more will issue lambent fires,
Nor taste refine the tide of his desires:
Th' obedient passions hail'd his mimic sway;
The Muses breath'd their influence in his lay;
With pond'rous apothegm and attic jest,
He smote the demons of the guilty breast;
Bade Virtue consecrate what Science saw,
And nerv'd the system of our moral law.
" Rais'd by the world's acclaim, in manhood's
prime,
" He fell dismantled by the scythe of Time,
" Ere radiant Faith had sooth his final care,
" Or mercy heard the tenor of his prayer!...
" With high emotions, and with pity fraught,

" Vast in his heart, and liberal in his thought,
" He ting'd his scenic aim from Fancy's hue,
" Then realiz'd the character he drew.
" Th' illusive dream of mortal folly o'er;
" Thy lyre unstrung...thy minstrelsy no more;
" Here o'er thy atoms shall my numbers flow;
" Here shall the floreal charmers bud and blow;
" Here shall Pierian virgins cypress bring,
" And wet thy tomb with tears from mem'ry's
spring."
Though Death has triumph'd, destiny has giv'n
His fame to Honour, and his soul to Heav'n.

FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.

The following effusion of tenderness was (to the honour of the female sex) poured from the pen of Mrs. OPIE. It is extracted from a very recent volume of that valuable author. Any one who has a heart to feel, must read, and every such reader must admire.

HERE beneath this willow sleepeth,
One whom all the village weepeth,
He she lov'd, her passion slighted,
Breaking all the vows he plighted,
Therefore life no more delighted

Poor Marianne.

Pale thy cheek grew, where thy lover
Once could winning charms discover:
Dim those eyes so sweetly speaking,
When true love's expression seeking.
Oh! we saw thy heart was breaking,

Poor Marianne.

Like a rose we saw the wither,
Soon a corpse we brought thee hither;
Now our evening pastime flying,
We in heart-felt sorrow vying,
Seek this willow, softly sighing,

Poor Marianne.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

THE man who attempts to make his religion serve as a cloak for his vices, acts much the same part as he does who takes shelter in a lofty building to save himself from an earthquake—his defence will crush him to pieces.

It has been the opinion of some wise men, that the person who declares he

loves a woman at first sight, resembles him who says, he knows the contents of a book, without understanding the characters in which it is written.

If every woman knew how to manage a husband as well as a lover, men would soon submit to a female government: but on the other hand, if every man was as kind to a wife as to a mistress, the women would not have the ambition to affect such a dominion.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1805.

On Saturday last the members of the "NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY," in this city, celebrated the 185th Anniversary of the Landing of their Forefathers at Plymouth. An elegant dinner was prepared for the occasion by Mr. Lovett. The Rev. Dr. Rogers and Dr. Beach performed, in a devout and very appropriate manner, the accustomed religious services of the table: More than 150 gentlemen of the Society, forgetting all differences of party and opinion, united to celebrate the occasion with an affectionate remembrance of their common origin, and in the true spirit of a society, the objects of which are friendship, charity, and mutual assistance.

This, we believe, is the first time in this state, that the descendants of New-England, now so extensively diffused, have joined in a public and solemn celebration of that anniversary. The sentiments inspired by the occasion were in unison with the best emotions of the human heart—they were the sentiments with which polished and generous nations have always delighted to call in remembrance the sufferings, toils, and virtues of their founders. The names of the early leaders of the colonists, recalled to mind by what labours a band of exiles established themselves in a remote continent; and, amid the dangers of savage warfare, and an untried climate, laid in the wilderness the foundations of religious and social institutions, civilization, commerce, and laws.

***** et capitolia ducit

Aurea nunc olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.

The following toasts were drank with the affection, cordiality, and the spirit, which the subjects of them and the occasion were so well calculated to inspire.

1. The Anniversary we celebrate; the birth-day of a nation.
2. New-England, the land of our fathers, and the soil of Liberty. May it ever be happy and free.
3. The city of Leyden. May it receive the gratitude of the sons of New-England, for the protection and hospitality afforded to their successors.
4. The memory of the pious men who for conscience sake first became exiles, and then the founders of New-England.
5. John Carver, first governor of the first colony of New-England.
6. John Winthrop, the venerable founder and first governor of Massachusetts.
7. John Smith, who gave to New-England its name, and to its inhabitants a bright example of naval skill and courage.
8. The descendants of the first-settlers of New-England—we respect them as our elder brethren, and may they regard us as members of their family.
9. The descendants of New-England. May their voice be ever heard on the side of order and just government.
10. The State of New-York. May its fertile fields and extended commerce, continue to encourage and reward the enterprise of its citizens.
11. The memory of Washington. "In every virtuous act, and glorious strife, he shone the first and best." [The members rose in reverential silence.]
12. The President of the United States.
13. Education—the moral bulwark of civil and religious freedom.
14. National Rights—Well understood, and firmly asserted.
15. The sacred love of Country—With this the smallest nations are invincible—Without it, none can be great.
16. National honour—The impenetrable shield, National safety.
17. Peace—But an age of war rather than a moment of dishonour.

VOLUNTEERS.

By Gen. Stevens the presiding officer—Our President, James Watson; confirmed health to a man who is the delight of his friends, and an honour to the Society over which he presides.

By Mr. Vice President Winthrop—The governor of Connecticut.

By Mr. Hammond, acting as Vice President—Tranquil sleep to those who have dreamed that this society has any other views than *charity and good will to all men.*

By Col. Mansfield, acting as Vice President—The fair Daughters of Columbia.

By a gentlemen (after Mr. King had retired) Rufus King the boast of New-England.

By another—Steady Habits.

By another—The Navy of the United States—may they receive *energetic* orders. We will trust to their *energy* to execute them.

The toasts were interspersed with many excellent Songs.

Deaths in the city of New-York during the last week—of consumption 8, convulsions 4, casualty (a child aged 2 years, who died in consequence of a burn) 1, childbed 1, cholera 1, debility 2, decay 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 1, typhus fever 1, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, do. of the bowels 1, and 1 of old age—Total 26, viz. 3 men, 9 women, 5 boys, and 3 girls.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Capt. Thomas T. Morton, to Miss Ann Lane, both of this city.

At Staten Island, on Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. Brown, Mr. Michael M. Marsack, to Miss Rachel Jennings, both of South Field, Richmond County.

....."all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

Suddenly at Philadelphia, on Friday morning last, Mr. William Sutter, merchant, of that city, aged 23 years.

On the 11th October, at the foot of the Rapids of the Miami, David Sanford, of Newtown, (Conn.), aged 13 years.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

tf.

SAGE & THOMPSON,

BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,

No. 149, Pearl Street,

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books in the various branches of Polite Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Stationary.

JUST PUBLISHED, A SUPERIOR EDITION
OF
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

* * TICKETS in the ensuing Lottery,
for sale as above.

Nov. 9

MISS GERVAIS & M. FAUGAS,

Respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York, that they keep their DANCING SCHOOL at the City Hotel, Broadway, in the room usually occupied by the Philharmonic Society. The hours of Tuition for the Ladies, are from 3 to 6, and for Gentlemen from 6 to 9 o'clock, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, or Saturday, in each week. The public may rest assured, that the School will be rendered as useful and agreeable as possible.

Nov. 23.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE
TOOTH ACHE.

BARDWELL'S-TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MING'S, No 102 Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.



SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

BY PETER PINDAR

"COME down, you toad," cried Susan to a spider,
High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
And wanton, swinging by his silken rope;
"I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room;
You're now upon some murder, I presume:
I'll bless thee; if I don't, say I'm no Pope."

Then Susan brandish'd her long brush,
Determined on a fatal push,
To bring the rope-dancer to the ground,
And all his schemes of death confound.

The spider, blest with oratory grace,
Slipp'd down, and, staring Susan in the face,
"Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in that heart?
O barbarous, lovely Susan! I'm amaz'd!
O! can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,
Possess of cruelty the slightest part?"

"Ah! can that swelling bosom of delight,
On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,
Nay, with these fingers touch'd too; let me say,
Contain a heart of cruelty!—no, no!
That bosom which exceeds the new-fall'n snow,
All softness, sweetness, one eternal May."

"How!" Susan screech'd, as with disorder'd
brain,

"How, impudence! repeat those words again:
Come, come, confess with honesty—speak, speak,
Say, did you really crawl upon my neck?"

"Susan, by all thy heav'nly charms, I did;
I saw thee sleeping by the taper's light;
Thy cheek so blushful, and thy breast so white:
I could not stand it—and so down I slid."

"You did, sweet Mr. Spider? so you saw!"

"Yes, Susan! Nature is a powerful law."

"Ar'n't you a murderer?" gravely Susan cries;

"Ar'n't you for ever busy with that claw,
Killing poor unoffending little flies,
Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?"

"But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?
Don't you on pretty little pigeons cram?
Don't you on harmless fishes often dine?"
"That's very true," quoth Susan, "true indeed;
Lord! with what eloquence these spiders plead!
This little rascal beats a grave divine."

"It was no snake, I verily believe,
But a sly spider that seduc'd poor Eve."

"But then you are so ugly."—"Ah! sweet Sue,
I did not make myself, you know too well:
Could I have made myself, I had been you,
And kill'd with envy every beauteous belle."

"Heavens! to this spider!—what a witching
tongue!

Well! go about thy business....go along;
All animals, indeed, their food must get;
And hear me....shouldst thou look with longing
eyes,
At any time on young, fat, luscious flies,
I'll drive the little rascals to thy net."

"Lord! then how blind I've been to form and
feature;
I think a spider, now, a comely creature!"

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he
has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nas-
sau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the
profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such princi-
ples, that they are not merely ornamental, but
answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so
neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from
the most natural. His method, also, of CLEAN-
ING the TEETH is generally approved of, and al-
lowed to add every possible elegance to the finest
set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury
to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE,
his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but
if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his
attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the
most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is at-
tended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or
lady at their respective houses; or he may be con-
sulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had
his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an inno-
cent and valuable preparation of his own, from
chymical knowledge. It has been considerably
esteemed the last ten years; and many medical
characters both use and recommend it; as, by a
constant application of it, the teeth become beau-
tifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a
firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened
teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath
imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destruc-
tive accumulation of TARTAR, together with BR-
CAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had
at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

CHRISTMAS PIECES,

For Sale by A. MING,
No. 102, Water-street.



JOHN JONES,
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general,
that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Um-
brellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours.
Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality
to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.
N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and
Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.
Nov. 23. if.



N. SMITH,
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE; No. 114, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pim-
ples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for
whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old
age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after
shaving...with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s.
per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the
hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning
grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
Pomatus, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes f
with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving
a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures rough-
ness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s.
4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth
and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing
the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to
be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and
8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for
the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball,
far superior to any other for softening, beautifying
and preserving the skin, with an agreeable per-
fume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s.
each.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED

BY JOHN CLOUGH,

NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE
COFFEE-HOUSE.

L

r,

al,
n-
rs.
ty

nd

ler
the
the

so
m-
for
old
ter
2s.

the
ing
ms.

oft

ich.
do,

d

ing
gh-
2s.

fall
oth

ing
to
and

for
ox.
fall,
ying
per-
8s.

4p-

2

(441)

END OF

YEAR

1805

OF

R

5